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BY

HARRY C. SHAW

1910

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Brattleboro

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ASTOR, L. T. OX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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Vermont Legislature
in 1910-11*

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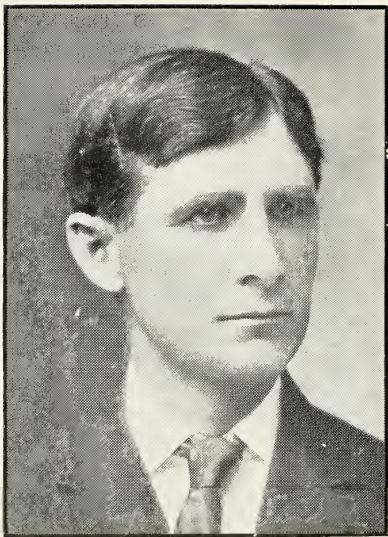


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“O, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel’s as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.”—*Burns*.

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"He came to Vermont from New York State in 1892."

PLAIN JIM KENNEDY

WILLISTON, once the home of bovine tuberculosis and likewise the abiding place of Albert L. Bingham, the dispenser of physic, is loyal to the boys who make good. When a Williston man gets the high sign in the legislature and his speech receives mention in the Richford Journal's special legislative letter the member doesn't faint or ask for a drink. That section of Chittenden county is radically different from the rest of the county. One never hears about Williston men making spread eagles on the floor of the house. They do a bit of quiet work in committee and if the reporters hear about it it is through some third person. The purebred Willistonite is shy. The only thing that will arouse one of these pink-blooded citizens is an inquiry whether bovine tuberculosis has been stamped out. You will find an

answer coming and even that youthful looking slip of a democrat, James E. Kennedy, will rise up to his full height and look you through and through, and through again.

Get acquainted with Mr. Kennedy. Don't call him Mr. unless you meet him in the rotunda ladies' week. He is just plain Jim, the plainest kind of a Jim you ever met. You can borrow money in moderate quantities from James and also draw upon him for advice and assistance but you can't hand him any moth-eaten dope about the republican halos which have been worn out in the line of duty. Not a bit of it, Jim isn't a democrat afflicted with jimburkeitis to the point that there isn't a serum which will afford him relief. He is one of the greatest readers in the state of Vermont. He reads the entire list of the Essex syndicate and more. He can tell you what is being done for the good of mankind in Bennington and Essex counties. He is the best listener in either branch of the assembly this session.

But you have got to tell a story with a point to it and also tell it in a way that will be of human interest else James won't wreath his physiognomy with a grin.

A good story may be used to illustrate a point if you are endeavoring to convert Kennedy. Don't attempt to hand him any worn-out Joe Miller for he will spot it and do it quick. James was once employed by the Central Vermont railroad. That was before the C. V. paid such princely salaries. From 1892 to 1900 he was the man in charge of the station at Williston. Many streaks of bad luck date from 1900 but not for James E. Kennedy. Jimmie has been coming along fast since he landed in Williston in 1892 to work for the C. V. railroad. He was postmaster and selectman before he ambled across the line into the white light in 1908. James is not a member of F. E. Burgess's political cabinet. He is, however, good with L. M. Hays. If it hadn't been for Hays in 1908 James might not have won a seat in the upper branch as easily as he did. That

was the year that Williston stood best with three men in the assembly. Jim was one of them and he has "come back."

There is about the same amount of meat on Jim Kennedy as there is on the back of George Stratton's neck. It is a pleasure to talk with Kennedy about a matter in which he is interested. He will tell you 100 of the strong points of the proposition and consume about four minutes of your time. If the proposition doesn't appeal to him he will keep mum and let you do the talking. He can look you right in the eye and act as though he was vitally interested in what you are saying and at the same time he will be wondering if you are about ready to ring off. Jimmy is a cannie one. He can fool the best of them. He is one of the bunch this year that "Brun" Stickney can't fool; nor can Charlie Witters hand Jim any gauzy vocalizations about what the railroads are doing for humanity—especially between Cambridge Junction and Essex Junction.

Kennedy will listen to the railroad's

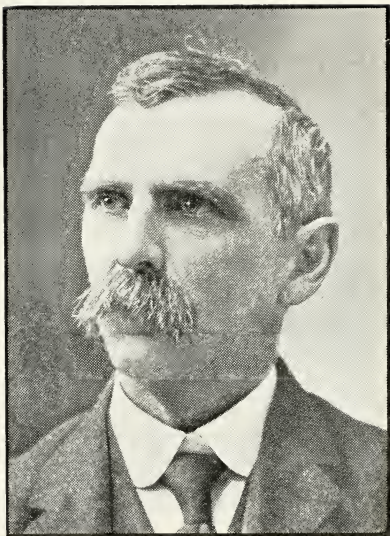
side of the story and as he is an old rail-roader he will know how much of the story is real and just where the soft pedal should be applied. Kennedy needn't be distrusted even though he once earned his sustenance by working for the Central Vermont. Jim Kennedy would make a member of the public service commission that would add strength to that organization. If Governor Mead is looking for an opportunity to name a worker on the commission this year Jimmie Kennedy is the man to take measurement of. James is a democrat and it's a democrat that will get the high sign this year as Eli Porter is expected to walk the plank. And if Eli doesn't receive a reappointment Jim Kennedy is as good a man as can be found in Vermont for the job.

Kennedy is 40 years old but he doesn't look it. His clothes are of the quiet sort. He came to Vermont from York state in 1892. He doesn't possess a parchment done in Latin but he is in possession of sufficient knowledge of everyday matters

to make him in the legislature just what he is in his home town—a valuable asset.

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*“Whether he wants to be side judge
or a member of the upper house,
he saith not.”*

A REAL ROMEO

TO take the crumbs that fall from the political table and grin good naturedly is a harder stunt than it might seem to the uninitiated. In Chittenden county the best pieces from the pork barrel invariably go to Burlington, and the Queen City also insists on having the top layer from the cream pot. As Burlington gets practically everything that it wants such parts of the county as St. George and Huntington must be content with what's left. While the ordinary Chittenden county aspirant would consider the job of high bailiff mighty small potatoes, not so with the stalwart son of Huntington who for nearly 15 summers and as many winters has performed the arduous duties of that office.

Back in the days when the old chieftain, Senator Proctor, was the man with his hand on the helm, this Huntington patriot

offered his services to his county and for many years bore the distinction of having his name on the Proctor mailing list. This list was used in sending out onion and marigold seeds from Washington, and its names included the strong men of those days. Olin Merrill, Gov. E. C. Smith, Frank Partridge and Romeo A. Norton were on it. Olin, Ed, and Frank did not receive a package of turnip seeds along with their annual letter from Senator Proctor. That is where Romeo Ambitious Norton was one to the best on the rest of the bunch. Romeo did not attempt to crowd or to jostle the rest of the mob. See where he has landed after 14 years of hard labor. Merrill, Smith and Partridge have been counted into the discard and Romeo, the bright star of the sidehill section of Chittenden county, is just coming above the horizon.

To say that Romeo had partaken only of crumbs would hardly be fair to this son of Huntington. Romeo was born in

Huntington. If you want to know the reason ask him. It's no secret. For 16 years he wore the big nickle-plated badge of a deputy sheriff of Chittenden county and there are many men with a recollection of Romeo's administration. Even through all those strenuous years as a deputy in the squirrel belt Romeo would not permit the county's welfare to be put ahead of the welfare of his town. He has found time every Sunday for a good many years to attend the First Baptist church. He used to be the superintendent of the Sunday school in that church before the cares of politics hung so heavily upon him. Romeo is not an old man by any means. But he doesn't stand on the corner (at Huntington Centre) and shout out that he is 53 years old. Romeo keeps his counsel as to his age and he keeps his counsel as to his ambitions in a political way.

Years ago when R. A. Norton was laying the foundation for his career as a public servant he formed the habit of refusing to use the hammer on any one. Be-

fore the wise ones knew what had happened Romie had secured possession of the gavel and his name appeared in the annual town report as moderator. The climb was not without stumbling stones. He has been a selectman, lister and a few other things. For 20 years Romie has had a hankering to sit in the halls of the lawmakers, and in September he started out to see what he could do toward breaking into the light. It took Romeo several hours to mold sentiment in the way that it had to be shaped if he was to be the man to represent Huntington in the general assembly. While some of the other fellows went out and indulged in talking it over Romeo converted a few more of his townsmen. Five attempts with the ballots were required before Romeo Ambitious Norton had reached the top of his dream ladder.

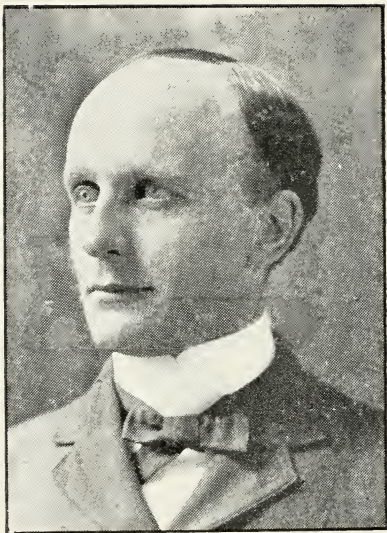
Some day when Romeo has forgotten the pains and penalties of being a maker of laws he will make another stab for glory. Whether he wants to be side judge

or a member of the upper house he saith not. Romeo is not one of those canny gazabes who endeavor to harmonize their gaze and the landscape into a picture of wisdom. He knows lots of things and there are a number of hundred million things he does not know and he knows that he doesn't know them. Romeo A. Norton is one of the most interesting men that you would run across in a tour from Canaan to Pownal. He reads considerable and has had his picture in the papers before. He is not afflicted with stage fright. If it should become necessary to arrest the high sheriff of Chittenden county this afternoon a message to Romeo in his seat at the capitol would start him toward the land of the Southwicks, Burkes, Van Pattens, Dorns, Delaneys, and Woodburys. With his badge of high bailiff pinned upon his left breast he would take the sheriff into custody. That is Romeo's job. He is also representative from Huntington. He has a telephone, and the rural free delivery keeps him in

touch with the outside world. While he looks as though he was of the same political faith as Jim Kennedy, Romeo A. is a thoroughbred republican. He votes the ticket straight and the welfare of the party will always have a place in his mind whether he holds the office of road commissioner in Huntington or is made a colonel on Governor Fletcher's staff in 1912.

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*“ He plans the day’s work while
dressing for breakfast.”*

AN ESSEX COUNTY REGULAR

FROM the land where the screech-owl causes no tremor to travel along the spines of the natives and where it is quite the correct thing to wear a skunk-skin lining to your waistcoat there occasionally comes a twinkler. Once in two years Essex county looks over the inventory, selects something in the line of illumination and furnishes him with the credentials that permit him to sit in the halls of the wise men at Montpelier. When it became known that Porter H. Dale of Island Pond intended to visit Montpelier in the guise of a member of the north end of the general assembly there were a lot of misguided individuals in Vermont who immediately began to wail that Essex county had reached the end of the rope and that with P. Dale the tribe of wise guys became extinct.

There isn't any doubt about the brand of wisdom that P. Dale is inoculated with. However, this story deals with another brand—the Harry B. Amey brand. Essex county has contributed all kinds of wisdom from the Gallup brand produced in Victory to the M. D. Scott type from Beecher Falls. The Amey brand is the kind that leaves its impress. The P. Hungry Dale brand also left its impress—upon the federal treasury.

Harry B. Amey is one of those quiet individuals who plan the day's work while dressing for breakfast. He doesn't stick for a breakfast jacket and his waistcoats and jewelry are not sufficiently noisy to create a disturbance in church. Harry lives back where the air is laden with the odor of balsam and where the all-over hat doesn't set the world to moving backwards. However, Harry B. knows a whole lot about what to do and how to do it when he finds himself on Broadway. Lobsters with their husks on don't phase Harry. Harry ate them with and without

years ago and he cut his eye teeth regarding the better known labels long before he left college. With the class of 1894 Harry B. Amey went away from Dartmouth college ready to do things. Many of his classmates sallied forth and stood where the calcium casts its brightest rays but Harry decided that there was a chance to make a living and a clean one in Essex county even though the rays of greatness that one might radiate would not rival in brilliance those thrown off by some of the six-cylinder specimens whose papas were afflicted with overgrown bank accounts.

Early in his career Harry Amey became stricken with an attack of working for a living and it begins to look as though he would continue to work until he gets the bell for the final curtain. Harry isn't handsome, though he was called the handsomest baby ever born at the time of the event. One might easily mistake him for a humorist from his facial architecture, but a two-minute conversation with the member from Brighton will convince you

that he is a very serious individual. He is a lawyer and as lawyers are not supposed to talk except for money Mr. Amey need not be expected to become over-voluble except in a professional way. His career as a public servant has been brief. He has held the job of state's attorney in Essex county for a few terms, but that doesn't overburden a man. There is always time for the state's attorney of Essex county to eat his meals. Folks drink "split" in Essex county and consequently are afflicted with only one kind of intoxication—blind drunkenness. A few of the citizens run amuck occasionally and aside from such slight ripples the social life of the tall timber county is seldom disturbed.

It is there that the original germ of absentmindedphobia breeds. When Harry B. Amey was elected by the freemen of Brighton a representative to the general assembly the town clerk gave him a credential entitling him to participate in the biennial lawmaking fiesta. Harry evidently thought the document was a testi-

monial of esteem or some sort of a memorial and hid it in the leg of an old boot or in the refrigerator. When Amey arrived in Ontonagon to find that he was minus his title to the rockpile on the hill he kicked himself and wondered what the world would think of Brighton's member. Generally Mr. Amey isn't absentminded.

His office equipment contains all of the newfangled labor-saving devices, including a private secretary by the name of J. R. Corbett. Corbett has been attached to the committee on revision of bills, as a secretary or companion to the clerk, W. A. Dutton of Hardwick. The clerk of the committee is entitled to a companion. Amey was sized up about right by Speaker Howe and his appointment as chairman of the committee on appropriations means that the committee will have to be shown before Harry and his associates will approve of using the state's money.

While Amey is of the present generation he isn't inclined to rend things into small strips. He cannot be rung in on the

insurgents' firing line. Not a bit of it. H. B. Amey is regular. Like all other Essex county politicians he plays the game strictly according to Hoyle. Harry never attempts any fake plays. Some day he will be given a chance to step against the ration table of the federal government.

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*“As impervious to flattery as a piece
of granite is to water.”*

HIS FATHER'S SON

THERE is no end of luminous ones in Lamoille county. Some of them are the kind that shine in the dark only, and there are those that must needs have a coat of lacquer applied regularly lest their brightness become dimmed. One naturally thinks of the top-of-the-ladder specimens when talking about luminaries and it is right there that the member from Hyde Park is prepared to greet you. His father is a United States senator, but it doesn't afflict him with a swollen sweat band in his headgear. "Russ" Page is representing the town of Hyde Park in the general assembly and his mind is on his business. He is as impervious to flattery as a piece of granite is to water. There hasn't been a man in the legislature of Vermont for a quarter of a century that could take up a bill and consider it from the cold-blooded standpoint that "Russ" can.

His father is a politician, but R. S. Page thinks about the business end of a proposition first. He doesn't care any more about the glory that attaches to the job of representing the town of Hyde Park than he does about the fact that he can grade calfskins with any man in his father's establishment. If there is one man in Vermont sufficiently primed with initiative it is this same quiet business man from the Lamoille valley. You would imagine to look at him that he wasn't given to smiling. Wait until Yale plays Harvard. Then Mr. Page lays business cares aside and what he doesn't do in the noise line isn't worth mentioning. He is intense. Whether it's watching a football game or selling a man a carload of calfskins, R. S. Page is always strictly on his job. You can tell your story to this man of business, but if you want him to listen until you finish just leave out the "says I, says he" trimmings.

Page is somewhat of a lawyer. He knows more about the law of business

than a big bunch of men who write "attorney-at-law" after their name. He can draw a contract that will hold water and also hold the parties making it. He can look over a flock of sheep and it requires a pretty good Yankee to beat "Russ" in the transaction of buying or selling the flock. Page is a born trader. He doesn't play with the commodities dealt in by Wall Street merchants, but he will buy 40 thousand of second-hand bricks, 14 carloads of sugar barrels, or 75 tons of old iron. If you happen to have all of this collateral R. S. Page will buy it and give you his check then and there. That's his long suit, paying cash down and taking his discount. Did you ever receive a letter from his father? They are of the kind that makes you think life is to be always June and October. Page, the young man, writes letters—tens of thousands every year—but every sentence carries the fact that he is either attempting to sell you something or to buy something. No frills in a letter from R. S. P.

He is armed with a college education secured at the University of Vermont, and he knocked off the rough edges left after graduation by a trip to Europe. There are lots of things that R. S. Page does not know and there are also scores of things that he does know. He can take the afternoon off and do a 50-mile spin in his auto, but he manages to be back on the job to sign the checks for a few thousand dollars before his office force closes up shop for the day. He may always be relied upon to know the amount of his bank balance every morning before he does any stunts in spending. In short, Page, the member from Hyde Park, is a thoroughbred business man and as a member of the joint committee on temperance he will be able to look at the liquor question from an unbiased viewpoint.

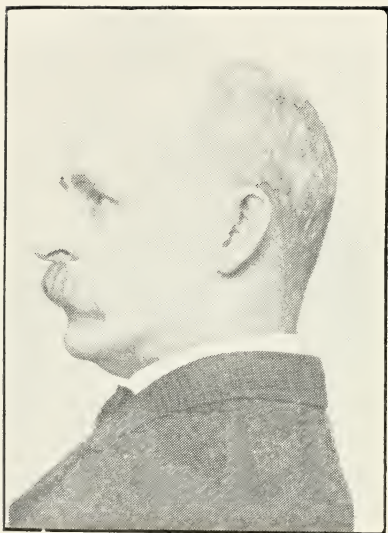
Details to R. S. Page mean everything. He has been brought up in an atmosphere reeking with details. Cost systems, card indexes, and miles of letter files surround him in his office at home. He has been

educated to know why a thing is done before it is done, and "Russ" will expect to be shown why a measure should pass before he will do anything like lifting. Some people may imagine that being Senator Page's son, R. S. Page will naturally take instructions from his "guvnor." Not so. Russell S. Page relies entirely upon his own judgment. If there is one man in Vermont that Senator Page cannot apply fine Italian hand methods upon with success it is his son, Russell. The senator is a pretty good politician, but he has got to show his offspring where the latter is to get off before the said offspring turns any cartwheels in favor of the measure or matter advocated by the pater. They are always good chums, yet the boy is just as cool-blooded when handing out a business proposition to his father as he would be to anyone else.

He was born in Hyde Park and while his father has a big bank roll you won't find a more democratic individual than Page Jr.

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*“None wear their raiment with less
noise than the member from
Cavendish.”*

A MAN WITH A HABIT

TO come back and do it to the satisfaction of the neighbors is no small task. That it can be done and done again and again is proven by Windsor county which sends up to the general assembly a specimen of seasoned legislative timber session after session. There are a lot of correctly garbed members of the lower house at Montpelier this year but none that wear their raiment with less noise than does the member from Cavendish. It's the same with his official duties. This presumed-to-be candidate for governor while keeping one of his optics on the main chance is always alive to the significance of the legislation being enacted and it is considered a task to get anything past the Cavendish man unless it bears the label of regularity. While he keeps his mind on the fact that he would like to be the next governor he is

alert also to the fact that he is the representative of one particular town.

It was in 1902 that Allen M. Fletcher blossomed out as a maker of laws. It was his first taste and it tickled him to the extent that he has been coming back ever since. In 1904 he went to Montpelier as an upper house man from Windsor county. Then he got the habit and it has stuck to him as though he was made of gum tragacanth. In 1906 he was pointed out as a come-back and two years later he was tagged as a veteran. He is back again this year and following the same tactics as of yore. As tactics go his are not of the sort to attract attention. However that is his game. He is not given to making a noise but he does desire to attract attention to the ambition he carries concealed beneath his waistcoat. While other men wear their hats on the back of their heads, carry cigars at 45-degree angles and expectorate on the marble floor of the Heaphy palace at Montpelier, Mr. Fletcher stands and gazes at the throng. He

wonders how many of them can be relied upon to lift good and plenty when the roll of the state convention is called in June 1912.

When Fletcher came upon the scene in 1902 even such wise ones as "Curt" Emery and "Hod" Bailey, both members of that memorable session, failed to notice until it was over that another star had been added to the galaxy of republican strong men. Both Bailey and Emery took to themselves of the glory of that session all that the rules and the statutes allow, but a man by the name of Fletcher got honorable mention during the making of the famous booze law. Up to that year it had been one of the most heinous of offences against the peace and dignity of the state to be found with wine in one's possession. Then came Clement, the insurgent, and proposed to allow the sale of red liquor in Vermont by statute if the people of any particular town should so vote. "Joe" Battell and "Hod" Bailey went after Clement's scalp and also after

the scalp of any member who dared to sustain the contention that it was not a crime to drink a glass of beer. The records show that Fletcher was inclined to give Vermonters a chance to drink in the open, despite the opposition of his colleagues. That's what a birthplace in Indiana will do for a man. Fletcher was born in Indianapolis and came to Cavendish in 1881. If you should look up his autobiography in the *Who Will Be Who* of Vermont you will find Allen M. Fletcher listed as a farmer. He does own one of the best farms to be found in Windsor county, but he makes more money from the increase in value of railroad stocks than he does from onions, oats or alfalfa.

He likes, however, to be called a farmer. A farmer governor sounds better for Vermont than does a capitalist governor. Fletcher wants to be governor and each two years he adds to his acquaintance list by attending the legislature. He may not make as many friends per annum as some of the higher-gearred individuals but he

certainly does not make enemies. Go where you will in Vermont and you won't hear a man speak ill of Allen M. Fletcher. There are a lot of big heads who have the temerity to prophesy that Fletcher is due to find himself in the discard. This list of egotists does not include Proctor, Page, Mead, Fleetwood, Cheney, et al. These individuals know what the frame-up is and if they don't talk about it they are aware of the fact that it's up to Windsor county two years hence.

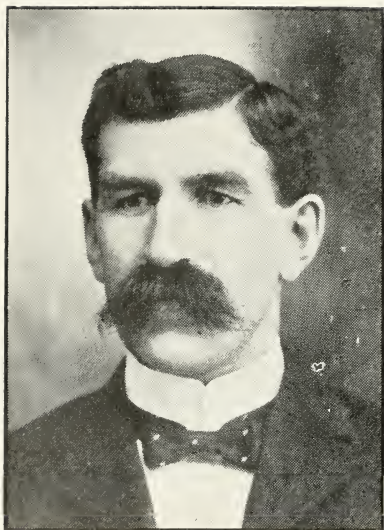
While Fletcher has the courage of his convictions he does not go in strong to convert his colleagues at Montpelier when the colleagues display an indication not to be converted. Fletcher has been blessed with the best luck imaginable in escaping mistakes. He is a diplomat for one thing. Though he does not intersperse profanity through his conversation in a committee meeting he nevertheless speaks with sufficient emphasis to pull many a measure through a tight place. He is always interested in schemes tending to conserve the

natural resources of Vermont and if one desires to make good with Allen M. Fletcher it can be done about as easily by talking conservation as by any other means. Fletcher is not an orator. He is a better listener than he is a talker but when he does talk he does not intend to waste words.

Since 1902 Mr. Fletcher has visited many parts of the state and many men have come to know this well-groomed citizen of Windsor county. He is not a poor man and it does not cramp him financially to operate his automobile. He isn't given to talking politics to the extent that his neighbors are. He listens to what his friends say but the siren's entreaties he passes by. He declined to make a try for the speakership. There were a few jealous schemers who would have gladly laid Fletcher on the shelf had he butted in. Mr. Fletcher knew the frame-up regarding the speakership as he does that of the governorship in 1912.

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*“He knows he would be aiding legis-
lation if he could embalm about
182 members.”*

A TALL-TIMBER PRODUCT

TO be born up in Fayston where bobcats and albino deer are found in their native state, to originate in the land that gave to the world John Honest Senter, is by no means a handicap except that it is likely to set a man back a few hundred miles who may aspire to enter the social whirl. Forty-nine years ago last November there was born up in the tall timber country at the foothills of the range a boy. His parents kept him there 22 years and then he came below the clouds. His training in the bush had made him self-reliant and the valley needed a self-reliant young man. Waterbury saw him first when he came out of the shrubbery, and he staid in that town over night. To stay in Waterbury over night is to get your name on the permanent roll and Willard J. Boyce arrived there in 1883 and has remained there since.

While he carries a sombre expression about his facial architecture he can smile when occasion requires though his profession does not call for anything boisterous in the smiling line. He is addicted to the undertaking business, and it is to be presumed that he looks longingly at some of his colleagues in the lower house at Montpelier and wonders if he will ever get an opportunity to introduce a few quarts of Alcoform fluid into their systems. Willard J. does not crave the opportunity to cater to the wants of his colleagues in a professional way because of the money there is in it for him but from the desire to do the state of Vermont a favor. Boyce has been there before and he knows that he would be aiding legislation if he could embalm about 182 of the members of the house of representatives so that their vocal equipment would be incapacitated. When Mr. Boyce is needed in the lawmaking stunt, call his name and he responds with the same alacrity that he displays in answering a telephone call

for 27 thousand feet of birch flooring or for a \$175 burial case for one of his neighbors with a healthy bank account. He sells lumber as well as coffins. When it comes to doing the Stafford-of-Brattleboro and the McCuen-of-Vergennes act Boyce fades like a dissolving view in an illustrated song. He is a good talker but waits until he is called upon.

Two years ago this Faystonian product came up from Waterbury to Oniontown and he made good and this year comes back. W. J. Boyce is also a product of Montpelier seminary and he is one of the graduates of that institution for whom no apologies need be handed out. While there are 182 talkers in the house this session there are a few genuine business men and Willard J. is to be included in the bunch. He is not a politician. He has been president of his adopted village and that is about the limit of his public service career except a term in the lower strata of lawmakers in 1908.

If it becomes necessary to send out a

bunch of investigators from Montpelier to get first-hand information Boyce is considered worth while. In fact when it is necessary to break through the line of talkers and impress upon the intellect of these gentlemen afflicted with noise in the throat that they must ring off Boyce of Waterbury is just the kind of a man to use. He will carefully and moderately introduce some entirely foreign subject into the conversation and the regular business will again be taken up. To look at Willard one would imagine that he was low-g geared but the impression would be entirely wrong. Mr. Boyce is a quick actor and a quicker thinker. He has lived sufficiently near to Montpelier for the last 27 years to have more than a speaking acquaintance with the men who have been coming to the legislature. He has seen strong and weak ones come to the capital city and go away forgotten. He has learned a lot of things by keeping his optics open. Though Boyce doesn't wear a silk hat except when engaged in professional duties he isn't a

tenderfoot. Not a bit of it. Willard J. has been down Montpelier's pink path after Jim Brock, John Senter and Fred Laird have been in bed one hour and 10 minutes.

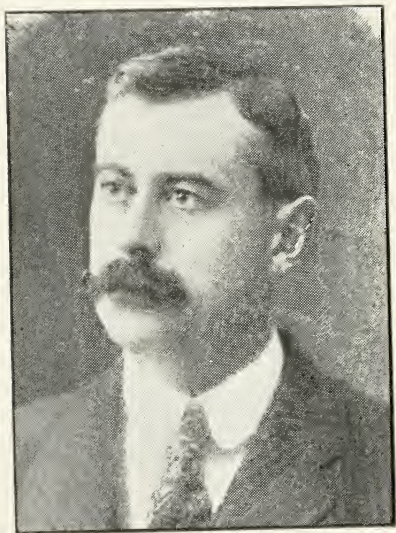
He has eaten at the Pavilion under the proprietorship of Mine Host Viles, and Prince Heaphy can't hand Willard anything that will resemble a surprise package. While Boyce of Waterbury is a quiet one he is continually thinking. He goes home to sleep and thereby is able to get enough out of his legislative salary to break even.

If one wishes to impress a story upon Mr. Boyce's mind one should stand on Willard's left foot while telling it. Pathos won't get a rise out of Willard J. Nothing doing in the tear line. Willard will listen to your tale of woe but you need not put over any tearful dope. Burying dead men naturally hardens one's tender spots and while Mr. Boyce is one of the most companionable of men he is not susceptible to any baby-doll stunt by Aunt Annette Parmalee. If you want to make Boyce

laugh talk to him about Hapgood, the Peruvian. Both come from the tall-timber country but Boyce is a product of the shadows of Camel's Hump. Boyce enjoys the legislative game and when it comes around time for Waterbury to make a bid for an upper house position he will be on hand. Of course there will be others but wise ones say that Willard will follow in the tracks of Eber Huntley, the strong man of Duxbury. Eber and Willard are modeled largely upon the same lines. Eber has a facial resemblance to Pilate and Boyce carries a Simon Legree countenance. Both are business men.

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*“He isn’t obsessed with the idea
that he’s an orator.”*

EDWARD THE QUIET

WHILE no one was looking Edward the Quiet slipped into the house of lawmakers in 1906 and though he made no outcry nor indulged in motions of the mouth he made good with his constituents. There are a lot of Windsor county windjammers who endeavored to put Edward on the shelf when he reappeared in 1908 but Edward comes from the town of Warren where the game does not include giving up easily. He had represented the town of Rochester once and had an idea that he could do it better a second trip. He did the trick to the satisfaction of all concerned and those with a political itching told themselves that Edward had stopped and the rest of the aspiring ones need not have any further concern. It was just at that point that Edward confused the bunch a bit. He had had an opportunity to study lawmaking

at close range with two terms in the lower level and it occurred to him that he would like to sit in the upper branch. Without making any false motions Edward H. Edgerton went after the job and stopped it and he did it in a way to make some of the older campaigners take notice of the way the trick was done.

Edward the Quiet does less talking than any other individual in the legislature. He is a good listener though his hearing is a bit impaired. Edgerton never smiles unless the story is a brand new one. He isn't obsessed with the idea that he is an orator nor is he one of those self-satisfied specimens that hand you a keep-your-eye-on-me-if-you-want-to-get-it-straight-look.

When he speaks he does so in terms that can be understood and makes no attempt to pronounce judgment upon every measure that does not meet with his approval. Edward cannot be swept from his foundation with a flowery-worded letter, and the manipulator of language might as well move along two notches and give up the

job of talking this Windsor county sphinx into a trance.

The silent one has seen 47 summers and one less that number of winters and isn't easily fooled. He was born in the land of the sky line up in Warren, the town that Joe Battell sees fit to call the "loveliest village in the dale." Up where the clouds first touch the earth Edward H. Edgerton was born. Twenty years ago, fresh from Barre academy with laurels displayed all over his person, the silent one located in Rochester and began his profession of a lawyer. He is somewhat of a poobah as he is given to holding several offices at the same time. Once he got away with the job of town clerk, first selectman, town agent, and town representative. That, however, is comparatively an easy task for Edward the Quiet. He doesn't talk when attending to his official duties and consequently it doesn't require over-exertion for Edward to issue a license to a brindle-pup, adjust a claim against the town or vote

when necessary in the upper branch of the assembly.

As Edward stands beside the radiator in the Pavilion office and hears a bunch of false alarms explain how Roosevelt really triumphed the man from Rochester wonders why such specimens were omitted from the list of animals on which the state will pay a bounty. Edgerton is one of the members of the general assembly who go to Montpelier to serve both town and state. He may fail to deliver all of the goods that he is expected to but he is strictly on his job, and the fuss and feathers of ladies' week and a few other such functions do not ruffle the quiet gentleman who has come to Montpelier for three consecutive terms. Edward was not known outside of his town until he went to the capital city in 1906. The newspaper men passed the Windsor sphinx by as not conducive to news making and it galled him not. There is less of the grandstand player in Edgerton of Rochester than there is in J. Gilbert Stafford of Brattle-

boro. Both are earnest and conscientious but Edgerton has seen the desk-slamming treatment handed to several over-voluble members and he wouldn't take the chances that J. Gilbert indulges in.

Edward the Quiet looks you straight in the optic and there is no flutter of his nerves as he asks or answers a question. There is absolutely nothing in his make-up that may be called oratory but there are bunches of good, hard common sense sticking out all over his frame. That's why Edgerton is in the senate. Some day he will be called upon to do even bigger and more remunerative stunts than those of representing his town and county in the lawmaking body. Although labelled a republican he has a sufficient amount of insurgency in his clothes to make him a sort of leaven in the bunch of regulars who talk themselves hoarse about their regularity. Edgerton isn't one of those individuals that attend every gathering of men from the general synod of Fat Heads

to the Triennial Conclave of Ambitious Geezers.

It's safe to say that Edward the Noiseless is known to less men than any other individual in Vermont with three legislative terms to his credit. Getting acquainted with the proletariat hasn't been his long suit. He gets acquainted with those worth while and he can tell who is worth the trouble. Not a bit spectacular, yet strictly on his job, Edward H. Edgerton is doing more than his part to expedite the public business.

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*“He got the habit of working when
he was a boy.”*

ENERGY PERSONIFIED

ENERGY in the original package, with a six-cylinder development attachment, is a part of the equipment of a democratic member of the lower branch of the general assembly. The butter-tub country has turned out a lot of boys that could put over things on the ones with a lustre, but never a one has it produced that had anything on H. Energetic Shaw, the member from Stowe. H. Energetic is one of the bunch at Montpelier this session who dare to do things. For instance, he had the nerve to nominate for the United States senate a republican. Perhaps this bit of compliment may be remembered by H. Energy's friend, the Hyde Park senator, when it comes to turning tricks after the democrats have drawn the curtain on the end of the act for the republicans. If it comes to dividing up plums among the hungry

even a republican senator might say a good word for a democratic friend. At any rate Howard E. Shaw of Stowe is worthy the attention of those who deal out plums. He has done what a few thousand other Vermonters have failed to do. He has made good and it is only a matter of a few years more when he can take a trip to Europe with his family. He is making money.

Howard Energetic Shaw was born in Stowe and the education its schools afforded him was all that he craved. He got the habit of working when a boy and at 20 was learning the rudiments of mercantile business. In the reign of Urban Woodbury as king of Vermont, H. Energetic started out in business for himself, and while he dispensed soap, sugar, dried apples and nails, he longed to branch out, and accordingly took up the sale of lumber. Howard lives in the tall timber belt and as he can tell the number of thousand feet of lumber in the butt of a pine by tasting the pitch he has proved a success

in selling lumber. Then he makes and sells butter boxes. Besides the butter box factory this energetic individual has a couple of sawmills, a grist mill and three or four warehouses in his own town and in Tom Cheney's Village-on-the-Lamoille. He hasn't dipped into politics very strong as his political faith isn't of the sort that gets a heavy drag in Stowe. However, Howard E. is the kind of a man who can win against combinations. He is the frankest sort of a fellow and one doesn't have to discount what he says. He has been a school director and town auditor, and this year as representative to the gathering of wise ones at Montpelier Howard Energetic Shaw is getting a bit of insight into the way laws are not made.

Shaw is one of the boosterites of the snow belt. He deals exclusively in Vermont products outside of his regular line of merchandise. He is one of the men in Vermont whom the potato merchants in the cities know. They know that this energetic Vermont merchant can ship them

a carload of tubers as quickly as the goods can be loaded. That's a specialty of Howard E. Shaw—potatoes. Then he sells maple sugar. If you should want to buy a ton or 100 tons of maple sugar this very minute Howard E. Shaw is the man who can fill your order just as fast as it can be packed. He deals in maple products and what he doesn't know about sugar isn't of great value. You can't palm any paraffine glucose trick off on H. Energetic Not a bit of it.

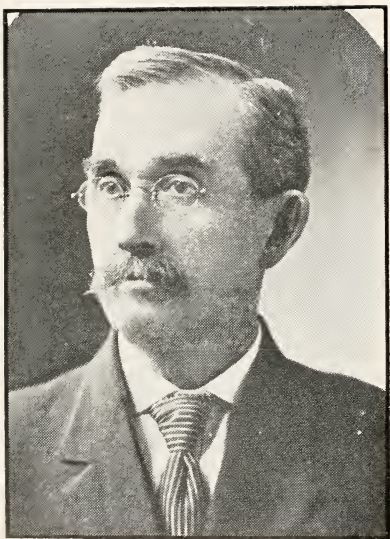
Shaw has been going to Montpelier periodically for the past 30 years and he has a speaking acquaintance with a big bunch of fellows who have sat in the halls of the mighty in years past. Also he knows who many of the wise men will be of the future. Howard belongs to the fish and game league of Vermont. It would be considered poor form for a Stowe man not to be a member of that organization. Then Shaw has been decorated with degrees in other exalted orders. He lives in a small town back among the hills but he can get

down to brass tacks when it comes to discussing ways and means.

Howard E. Shaw is 43 years old and one of the citizens that Stowe has every reason to be proud of. He married a Stowe girl and they have a 14-year-old son and a 12-year-old daughter. Shaw and his family are Vermont products that give to the state a standing whenever exhibited. He will probably always live in Stowe for he has a cozy home and is making money.

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*"He can reduce the English language
to its least common denominator."*

A SINCERE ADDISONIAN

WHILE the majority of wise men who go to Montpelier biennially to build the laws are entered on the rolls as farmers many of them get by for no other reason than that they live in a farmhouse. There is, however, at least one farmer of the legislature of 1910 who knows what it is to earn his living by farming. There may be a number of other solons who understand the art of wresting a sustenance from the soil but they have nothing on one quiet member from Addison county when it comes to marketing a product that brings good returns—namely, Morgan horses. There may be a lot of horse breeders in the general assembly of 1910 but John W. Pittridge of Leicester is one of the bouquet of horse breeders who produce that style of animals known as “some class.”

A few years ago John got to thinking about the glory that comes to a man who goes to Oniontown as a maker of laws, and after considerable reflection he decided that he would make a try. He tried the trick in 1908 and made Carl Williams step about as fast as the Addison county speed laws permit. In fact the last quarter was one of the fastest ever shown in Leicester and John W. nearly nosed in. When the time came this year to score up, a bunch of aspirants for lower house togas faded and let John have things easy.

While Pitridge is a horse breeder he never talks shop unless it is to a man who will understand him. While he is a farmer he is one of that class that keep track of income and outgo. He makes no pretense at being a scientific farmer, but he is one of the soil tillers of the legislature who can give a lot of semi-scientific individuals a job lot of information that will help them not only in making laws but in making a farm pay.

He can write a lucid letter and his pen-

manship is almost faultless. He looks, in his picture, like a professional man, but when you meet him you will imagine that he is the inner kernel of the hardest Yankee nut you ever attempted to crack. He doesn't look it but he is a humorist. He can tell stories that are listened to. He didn't draw a committee chairmanship and it's a safe guess that he didn't want one. Yet when it comes to putting a digit through the boutonniere aperture of one's frock and arresting one's train of thought John W. Pitridge asks no discount from the rest of the bunch. He wouldn't acknowledge that he is a diplomat, but he is that, and one of the kind that can get a hearing every time.

One invariably conjures up pictures of being lost in the wilds when one hears the name of Leicester Junction mentioned and shudders as the conductor announces the station. Sometimes the town has sent to Montpelier men who were typical of the reputation that the town has attained as a junction, but this year John W. Pit-

ridge is the "gentleman from Leicester," and though he is a bit on the buckwheat type he is just the kind of a man that is needed to leaven the bunch. If there could be 125 more just like John the serial story of amputating a hedgehog's ear which occupied the attention of the house for several days earlier in the session would have been reduced to an anecdote, and a mighty short one at that.

Mr. Pitridge is 68 years old, but you would never suspect him of standing off the inevitable all that number of years. He was born in Governor Ormsbee's town which may account for his youthful appearance. Educated in the Brandon schools and hardly attaining his majority, John enlisted and went into service in Company H of the old Fifth of Vermont. After John gets through talking with a fellow-member the man cannot but get the impression of sincerity that goes with the talk from Pitridge.

John W. Pitridge doesn't use in his vocabulary the term "quitter." There may

be quitters in Leicester but they are not members of the Pittridge family. John W. wanted to go to the legislature and he went. About the time that the Addisonsque method of passing things around labels Leicester as entitled to an upper berth you will find John W.'s name and fame being mentioned. If he goes after it he will get it.

While Mr. Pittridge's larynx hasn't been overworked thus far during the session he manages to be on hand when it is necessary to vote and he doesn't wait for a nod from some highbrow before putting in his "aye" or "nay." He makes no attempt at a speech but he dares to tell what he thinks about a measure and he can reduce the English language to its least common denominator in so doing. If the house wants some information on Morgan horses in addition to what Colonel Battell can hand out let it call upon John W. The colonel raises horses for fun and John raises them for money—good money. Both raise good horses and John gets good prices. The colonel gets a reputation.

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"With him politics and official position are side lines."

A SOMETIME SPEAKER

BLUE sky always is the theme with the man who presides at the desk down in front of Speaker Howe. Sunshine and optimism constitute the major part of the working equipment of this individual with a humorist's face. Even though he has read the roll of the house a half dozen times in response to a demand for the yeas and nays and the gloom of a late December afternoon has set the nerves of the rest of the bunch on edge Charles A. Plumley appears unruffled. He will go to the task the seventh time with the same alacrity that he displayed in the morning. If Charlie Plumley ever wore a frown it must have been when no one was looking for you can't find a man who recollects ever seeing such an ornamentation on Plumley's countenance.

What Plumley may think about Tom, Dick and Harry who are trying to do

spread eagles in the way of oratory he never discloses. Yet he is by no means a sphinx and many a member gets a lift over some puzzling proposition from Charles and no one is the wiser. While the clerk of an organization is supposed to simply do a little writing and keep the records, the job of being the clerk of the house of representatives of the Vermont legislature requires more than a smile and an electric call button.

Plumley has help when he needs it but he goes in for doing his share of work and there are several tasks that he does not delegate to others. An experienced clerk reduces the work of the speaker to a perceptible degree. It is one of Charlie's strong points to advance the business of the house as fast as he can, and many a committee chairman gets a bundle of bills handed him several hours in advance of the time he expected them, because Plumley knows the game of keeping things moving.

Visitors are always welcome^s in the

clerk's office after sessions of the house but they will get the impression that if they have any business to transact they ought to be quick about it. With two or three typewriters clicking and Clerk Plumley doing the glad-to-see-you act at the same time he is attending to some task impresses the visitor strongly with the inclination that it is time to move along. Plumley has been coming up from the Dog River valley as one of the house officials since 1900, and during that time he has learned who is who in the game of playing to the grandstand. When a grandstand member starts in to do things on the floor Charlie gets busy with the stuff on his desk. He can work and listen and while he listens he knows just what he will do before the house meets again. Charlie knows the majority of the men in the house about the third day of the session, and it is the easiest thing in the world to acquaint some friend with the annoyance of grand-stand players. There are no end of tricks that the clerk knows.

Like his father in congress, Charlie is a lawyer. He is in business with his father. His father is an orator but Charlie does not get by on that score unless it is at some stag affair. Starting under the late Fred L. Hamilton as an assistant clerk Plumley has mastered the game of being clerk. His office records are in shape every minute of the day and he has a modern office equipment. Plumley may be rightfully labelled one of the coming men of the east side of the mountain. Some day the town of Northfield will elect him representative and then he will preside as speaker. It may not be generally known, but C. A. Plumley is one of the best presiding officers to be found in Vermont and with his knowledge of legislative affairs he would make an admirable speaker.

With him politics and official position are side lines though the job of clerk does not leave him any poorer than when he went to the capital.

When it comes to doing the gold lace and clattering sword stunt at the gov-

ernor's ball, watch Charles. He is genuine confectionery in a pink box. He learned to be a soldier at Norwich university where he got his degree in 1896. He was born in Northfield and though he has a bland child-like gaze he is over 35 years on his way. He is modest almost to the point of bashfulness and when called upon to perform stunts requiring the spot-light he shows a marked annoyance at the glare. He isn't afflicted with stage fright though, and his white gloves do not crawl as he escorts Mrs. Henfeed up to shake hands with a governor or Mrs. Governor. Once Charles marched down Pennsylvania avenue in an inaugural parade at Washington; he also knows how to waltz. He is married. He isn't handsome but he has a twinkling eye. He has taught school and one of his specialties is keeping track of events and people in Vermont.

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*"A horseman who doesn't have to
carry a year-book under
his arm."*

A YANKEE ARISTOCRAT

UNLESS one looks at the records he will make a mistake when he puts down the age of Senator Cutts. The average man would place Henry in the 50 to 55 class and you won't find one in 20 that would dare to include this alert Orwellite above the 60 notch. Nevertheless Henry can beat that top figure by 14. He is 74 years and some toward the end of the chapter, but he didn't get off when the train slowed down at the station for the dead ones to alight. Henry T. Cutts comes nearer possessing the attributes of a diplomat than does any other man in the general assembly of 1910, though that may be somewhat of a task. Cutts is the sort of a man that goes in designing a real Yankee aristocracy. To start with Henry is a farmer. His farm is one of the beauty spots in the Champlain valley, and his sheep—coarse-wools—are typical of what

that valley can produce in that line of product. His horses—Morgans and some French coach—are the kind that go down to the ring in Madison Square and bring back the money. The senator is not as active in breeding horses as he was a few years ago and the horse show in New York does not draw him nowadays except as a spectator, but there was a time when Ben Franklin blood used to show points to horse show followers.

Henry and Mrs. Cutts have one of the coziest homes to be found. Sometimes a son lives on the home farm and Mr. Cutts makes his home in Orwell village, but the Cutts homestead is one that will dispel homesickness from the heart of a man a thousand miles from home on Christmas morn. It is the same sort of a home that Senator Cutts is a man—a cheerful one. Senator Henry T. is never anything but cheerful.

There isn't anything out of the ordinary in the career of Senator Cutts. He was born in Orwell, has lived there to date, is

a farmer, was once a member of the house of representatives and is probably one of the best known horse breeders in Vermont. Cutts is the kind of a horseman who does not have to carry a copy of the Yearbook under his arm. He has been down the grand circuit and back again and he has raised horses that made good on the track.

Last spring Farmer Cutts's name was mentioned for the senate and about the same time the anti-Battellites of Addison county—there are antis to Uncle Joe—produced a deck of cards and dealt out several names. Henry won and Addison county has no reason to regret that he was sent to Montpelier this year. Cutts is not a politician. He isn't so constituted that he can frame up a give-and-take campaign. He doesn't expect things handed to him on decorated porcelain but he does expect his friends to do the talking if they want him to represent them in the assembly. The senator enjoys mingling with the lawmakers and taking part in such matters as deciding the

constitutionality of a law which would deprive a blue-jay of his right to dine off the fruits of a Vermont farmer. Senator Cutts isn't old but he is old enough to see the funny side of the biennial vaudeville and if he should confess to you just what he thinks about the matter he would tell you that it would be cheaper for the state of Vermont to hire a dozen professional vaudeville artists every winter and move them about from one town hall to another than to employ over 275 amateurs in this class of entertainment once in two years.

It is not a hard task to put over a bunch of things on the average legislator, but try it on Henry T. Cutts! He won't fall for Oregon orchard stock, Blue Sky Smelting and Mining company or anything else that lies under the grass roots of some western state. He knows a thing or two about men who have invested their gold in rainbows and he has a number of neighbors in Orwell who have enjoyed the vanishing birdcage act when their money did

a mysterious disappearance turn about 20 years ago.

Though Senator Cutts is 74 notches along the score he isn't one of those hard-shelled specimens that are held up as samples of retarding influences against the growth of Vermont. Not a bit of it. Cutts is the type of a man that appreciates the fact that rich men operate whiz wagons, take an occasional snifter, and own aeroplanes. He is willing to let them do such things in Vermont. The senator lives in a town where the summer tourist business adds a tidy sum to the bank accounts of the natives and also supports a first-class hotel. The senator isn't a guzzler, and it's safe to say that he wouldn't know the difference between Seagram and V. O. P. He is, however, a white man, and is willing to let a visitor over in Ticonderoga come across into Vermont in his auto and do a spin along the lake shore on the clay roads. Cutts wouldn't urge hanging for such tourists.

Sometimes Mr. Cutts and his wife win-

ter in California. Though Henry T. Cutts owns a dress suit and does not hold a plow during the spring's work on his farm he is a farmer. He knows which heifer to keep for breeding purposes and he can tell a lot of things about the value of nitrate of soda. That is why he was chosen chairman of the senate committee on agriculture.

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*“He might be called a relic of
dynasties that have
crumbled.”*

A GILT-EDGED ONE

PROBABLY Orleans county has fewer insurgents than any other district in the state. They make a great noise about their regularity up in Orleans. The majority of the natives of that county would rather get a soft thing in the way of a political berth than to work for a living. Even the old guardsmen who have stood against the crib for years to the exclusion of many a worthy youngster with an appetite insist on coming back and trying the trick over. To attempt to make a census of those from Orleans county who have partaken of the pap from the state and federal teat would require a large volume.

Some of the bunch who have separated money from the public strong box have been mediocre in quality while others have carried credentials that entitled them to stand near the throne of the real

pazazas. It is with the latter type that this sketch deals. Though he was born in the county of warriors in the town of Rockingham and has been a citizen of Derby only 18 years Franklin George Butterfield — Senator Butterfield — has tasted of everything he could get his lips upon and some more. You needn't leave F. George out when you're picking up skirmishers to make a raid on the glory heap.

While credited with over 68 years he is one of those individuals who carry such little things as three score years lightly. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the senator does not make a mess or a task of carrying any of the official burdens which have been saddled upon his broad shoulders since he emerged from the gloom and entered the area of the calcium many years ago. He is college bred and it was "Old Midd." that gave him his degree. He has a war record gained as a member of the 6th Vermont. He has many titles besides his A. M. He has been a captain,

lieutenant-colonel, and a judge advocate general. He has got about a bushel of gilt badges, and belongs to so many military and other organizations that he sometimes gives one a grip of the Big Poo Bahs when he intends to use the simple handshake of a common citizen.

In 1898 F. George was a member of the legislature. While many of the old guard who made up the lower branch at that session have passed from the scene and the doings of that body have been mostly forgotten there are still a few who recollect how near Franklin G. came to getting in bad during those days. He was looked upon as a cake of ice by many of his colleagues and only adroit work upon the part of his friends put Franklin in right with the bunch. Actually he is a prince of good fellows and a conversationalist that holds an audience. It is safe to say that Senator Butterfield's stock of stories about the boys who wore official regalia and pulled off highbrow stunts in days ago-

is about the best that can be located in the north country.

While his facial makeup does not resemble Napoleon, his carriage bears a striking resemblance to the man with the cocked hat so familiar in history. He is a member of the railroad committee of the senate. It has been suggested that he was placed upon that committee because he is able to explain the difference between riding in an ordinary passenger coach and a Pullman parlor car. The senator is strong on the social string, and while he looks like a giant Brownie when arrayed in a claw-hammer coat he is a genuine Beau Brummel. He is a manufacturer of wooden things and though he lives on the Canadian line is so much of an American that he is always willing to serve his country whenever there is an opening. In 1880 he had charge of counting the citizens of Vermont.

In Montpelier he lives as becomes a senator from Orleans and eats at the Pavilion. He drew one of the choice seats

in the senate, No. 4. While Senator Butterfield belongs to no end of societies he is a very democratic individual and talks in a breezy way with everyone who wants to tell him a story. He is one of the type of Vermonters who put stress upon blue sky, pure water and climate. If the legislature should decide to select an official press agent to exploit Vermont it would not make a mistake if it selected General Butterfield as an advisor to the department of publicity. Though he lives near the north pole the general knows lots of things about the rest of the world, and it is safe to gamble a small amount that he is in touch with a sufficient number of the politically inclined in different parts of the state to keep informed of the range of the political pulse.

He might be called a relic of dynasties that have crumbled, yet his tentacles have not become benumbed and he is ready to receive the mantle of public office whenever there is a sufficient amount of embroidery attached to match the rest of his

career. He is making money. As he strolls about the office of the Pavilion he makes an imposing picture. He will always be General rather than Senator to his friends, for to associate F. George with anything but guilt requires a long draught upon the imagination.

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“Not the kind to get rattled when a bouquet comes over the footlights.”

A MIGHTY HUNTER

IT isn't every youngster that comes to Vermont who gets a seat among the mighty. Perhaps another way to put it is to say that not every youngster who locates in Vermont makes good to the extent that he is selected by his townspeople for a place among the makers of law at Montpelier. It is somewhat of a task for one born as late as 1879 to get a seat in the general assembly of Vermont as early in his career as 1910. It certainly speaks well for the New York product when a sample of it comes to Vermont in 1899 and 11 years later nails a desk in the foundry of law-tinkers. However, that's just what one Windham county member has done and he managed to get annexed to a committee that offered him an opportunity to do a few things. It isn't much of a job to sit still in one's seat at Montpelier and answer when a call of the house is made,

but it is quite a bit of a job to do something that resembles the welfare of Vermont and get away with the task while a half a dozen boneheads are inflating their chests and telling what ought to be done. There are a lot of things that ought to be done, and among them might be mentioned the suppression of three out of five of the members of every legislature that has been elected for the last 12 years.

This is no secret. Everybody with the interest of Vermont at heart knows that there ought to be an open season on legislators and that the use of trap-guns, snares and dead-falls should be permitted. Possibly it was the hope of Speaker Howe that some such bill would be presented to the committee on fish and game when he assigned to the committee, as the ranking member when Chairman Billings was absent, this Windham county youngster referred to. Marvin James Howard of the town of Addison Cudworth—London-derry—the man with a finger in the pie and with both hands busy in the making

of fish and game legislation this year is a youngster who hasn't been slopping over; he was giving his colleagues an exhibition of real work.

Now M. J. knows more about fish and game than can be learned from studying the label on a salmon can or admiring the big buck in the center of that familiar painting, *At Bay*. Marvin is some when it comes to hunting and bringing back game. Moose, deer, and bear have been stopped by bullets from Marvin James's rifle; and he has bagged enough quail in a day's shooting to feed all of the real sportsmen of the Vermont Fish and Game league for a month. Getting this number, by the way, didn't put him in the game hog class by a long shot. Marvin isn't one of those hunters who have their monogram embroidered in pink silk upon their nighties. He doesn't wear a nightie when he goes hunting in the big woods to the north—up in Canada and Maine. He doesn't wear a highbrow smile at Montpelier and talk about the needs of Ver-

mont. Not a bit of it. Marvin simply gets down to business when a bill comes to his committee. He discusses the bill with the rest of the members and the rest of his colleagues listen to what he says for he is a real huntsman. That's the reason why the State of Vermont stands a chance this session to draw something resembling sanity in the matter of fish and game legislation. Col. Franklin Billings is the chairman of the committee, but he has been ill a number of weeks during the session and has also had a number of matters in connection with the biennial lawmaking fiesta which required his time and attention. Colonel Billings has had no occasion to worry, for he has left matters in the hands of Marvin J. Howard, and M. J. H., being a home-made rather than a tailor-made hunter, accordingly has taken a real rather than an affected interest in his duties.

Marvin Howard, though a youngster of 31 years, can tell the story of the great outdoors in a way that would make Jack

London crawl inside his sleeping bag and remain quiet. Howard is the possessor of the heads of moose and deer and the pelts of bear—all the trophies of his own rifle. He is also the possessor of a fund of real “hoss sense,” that his colleagues have seen fit to draw upon during the meetings of the fish and game committee. Howard has never been able to make himself believe that simply because there was a big bunch of tender-heads in the general assembly their ideas should be presented to the rest of the world in the shape of fish and game legislation.

Marvin J. has broken into the political life of his town a trifle and is a member of the republican town committee. He has been a fish and game warden for three years, and his father-in-law is a politician. Marvin is connected with a general store and whenever a customer comes in and announces that a bear, deer, fox or anything worth shooting is in the vicinity it's up to Marvin. He never comes back without the goods, though he can tell a

few good tales about getting hungry and footsore before overtaking a bear. He isn't the kind of a man who gets rattled when a bouquet comes over the footlights. That's just the reason why Londonderry has sent to the assembly a valuable man. He is probably as valuable to the rest of the state as he is to his own town on account of his real knowledge of the needs of sportsmen.

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*“Cigar smoke doesn’t send him home
with a headache.”*

ANOTHER UNOSTENTATIOUS SENATOR

THE visitor in the gallery of the chamber that holds the upper strata of law tinkers at the capitol finds it easy to pick out the celebrities whether they have face ornamentation in the shape of hair or are so diminutive as to barely fill their chairs. There is always a bunch of swivel-necks who attract attention in both houses and it is these boys from the timber who oftentimes see their name in print for no other reason than that it is impossible to chronicle the doings of a sitting without including a bundle of bills introduced by these jacks-in-the-box who are Johnnies-on-the-job when it comes to furnishing material for the committee on revision of bills. Every county is afflicted with a crop of such individuals and when a really unostentatious member arrives there is some doubt in the minds of the

attaches of the capitol whether he is up to par or afraid.

The premier among the unostentatious at this session of the assembly comes near being a man from Orange county. This county is credited with a host of unostentatious citizens, but there are none who have anything on the senator from Orange who makes his home in Williamstown. You can't flim-flam Lewis Mead Seaver into believing that he should cackle every time Lieutenant-Governor Slack opens his mouth to speak. Lewis isn't so old that he has lost the use of his thorax, for he boasts only 62 years, but he has cultivated the habit of keeping his mouth closed whenever he has nothing to say. If there is a member of the legislature who cannot be charged with posing it is this same Lewis M. Though he may be considered a bit canny when approached by some political scout with a scheme concealed about his clothes, Senator Seaver is the easiest man in the world to engage in conversation. He doesn't swell up like a

poisoned pup or display symptoms of apoplexy when talking. He is handy with the English language, too, and when it comes to dictating a letter Lewis is some candy and a bit on top of that.

Though Senator Seaver made his first pass at the big pot in 1908 he has been one of the ingredients of the broth in Orange county since 1904 when he became a school director in his native town. He held that job for a few years, and has also been the agent of the town, and is at present a selectman. This is about all the information one gets from the archives, for Lewis is modest and does not tell what he knows and thinks every time a biographical solicitor comes along with a hum about making the senator great. Mead knows just how big he is himself, and he never attempts to make a man believe that he is any bigger. He may have opinions as to what constitutes greatness in his colleagues but he isn't writing a book containing his impressions. To show that L. M. S. is worth listening to may be mentioned the

committee appointments he drew. Lewis is a member of the finance, claims and corporations committees of the senate, and he does work upon all of them.

A dozen years ago Seaver had not been mentioned by those making up lists of strong men, prominent citizens and persons supposed to know what is going on under the surface. It was less than five years ago that his name appeared on the confidential list of men whose knowledge of conditions warrant them in expressing an opinion. He drew a place on the ways and means committee of the house of 1908, and though he didn't fret the assembly with talk at that session he was one of the members who worked.

Seaver need not be classed as one who has reached the top of the ladder by any means. While he probably has no aspirations to go to congress or to hold down Leighton P. Slack's job of gavel-pounder, he would doubtless like to come back again to the assembly, and it's a safe guess that when he does come back it will be as

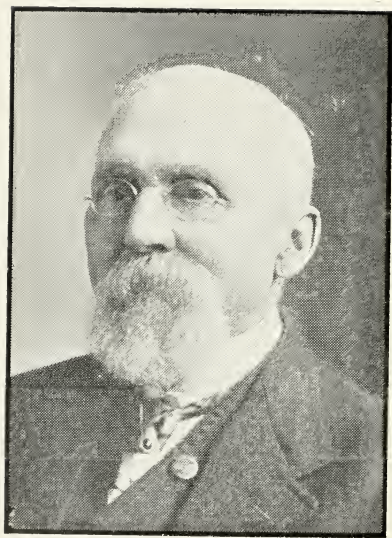
a member of the lower branch, for it's there that Lewis M. could make himself felt. Williamstown won't make a mistake in sending the senator back sometime, and if it should decide that he is the man to represent the town in 1912 it will be contributing a working member of the next assembly.

He is a noiseless dresser and though he doesn't look the part, he is a farmer in addition to being interested in a corporation. He doesn't board at the Pavilion, but he is a mixer and cigar smoke doesn't send him home with a headache. Seaver can be convinced and he has to be before he votes. If the senate was composed of Seavers the business of the official reporter would be reduced to a point that would make the flimsies look transparent. To epitomize Seaver, senator from Orange, is to say that he is a frictionless worker who does not spoil the picture by opening his mouth too often. While some of the members of both bodies of the assembly crave publicity it is not so with Lewis M.

Truly he is averse to anything like a bouquet and if one is handed him he won't thank the individual who presents the posies.

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*“He ought to know better than to
make such ludicrous attempts
at being funny.”*

IVES

IT takes all kinds of men to compose a general assembly. Highbrows, boneheads, pussyfoots, reformers, agitators, etc., are to be found in every legislature. The "etc." includes no end of funny ones. Some are extremely funny, others are funny and don't know it. Then there occasionally gets in one that thinks he's funny and makes the rest laugh because he thinks so. To be the humorist of a Vermont legislature is a stunt that can't be pulled off by every Tom, Dick or Harry that lands in Montpelier. To attempt the job without credentials is extremely foolhardy.

Sometimes Steve Bowles makes motions that are really funny, and at times Frank Corry contributes a bunch of bulls that may be classed as unintentional humor, but the newest type of alleged humorist comes from Rutland county. He drew an

appointment on the military affairs committee, and lives on the side hill. He has seat 30, directly behind the assistant clerk's, and every time Morton A. Ives of Mount Holly, puts in his contribution to the gaiety of things he is so located that gallery habitues can get a proper focus on him.

Morton really outclasses anything that Mount Holly has ever before attempted. As yet he has not attempted to josh the chaplain, but what he has attempted in the way of impeding legislation warrants him being returned to the legislature in two years and also entitles him to be made the chairman of a committee of one to devise ways and means to suppress would-be funny ones.

Ives ought to know better than to make such ludicrous attempts at being funny, for he is 73 years old and was educated at Black River academy. His career as a public servant includes "every office under the district school system," according to Morton's biographer, and this may be

largely responsible for his condition. Then he has always lived in Mount Holly, and his sudden appearance in the lime-light at the law factory may have done something to him.

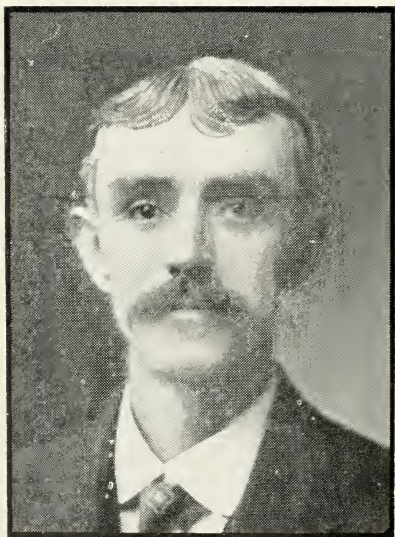
He is different from Nye, Ward, Billings, and other humorists, whose sayings are always good for a laugh. One never tires reading what Bill Nye wrote. Though the house may be busy, Mortie, the gay old owl of Mount Holly, hands out a line of slush that he seems to think is A 1, V. O. P., bottled-in-bond humor. The rest of the members are inclined to get hysterical when Ives tries to be funny. While "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," this vaudevillian from Mount Holly doesn't get the hunch that the best of men prefer a breathing spell once in a while. He doesn't seem to know what the word "little" means.

Ives can't be accused of false pretenses so far as his facial architecture is concerned. He resembles a missionary rather than a humorist. What puzzles his fellow

members is how Morton convinces himself that he is funny. His certificate of election in the office of the secretary of state makes no reference to the affliction. However, he can't be suppressed and will probably go to his home at the end of the session thinking that he is the first and only funny man that was ever elected to a Vermont legislature. At home Morton isn't considered dangerous in the funny line. He is a real estate boomer and when he gets a chance sells a slice of Mount Holly's side hills to those wishing to start a fresh air plant. Morton's attempts at humor have lacked the sting of personality and have proven harmless, even if annoying. He will be as quickly forgiven as he will be forgotten, which is going some, as the man said who lost three wives in as many years.

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*“Simply a man from one of the much-
talked-about small towns.”*

A DEMOCRATIC DEMOCRAT

HOW would you like to be the big noise of your political party in a town where the total voting strength of the place is less than 40? When you can win against combinations in a town with such a voting population as has Athens you may consider you are all there as an organizer. It was a close shave for Uncle John Abner Mead in that bit of landscape last fall. He got 19, and Charlie Watson was one vote behind him. The town went republican on the state ticket but it sent to the assembly a yard-wide democrat. Such democrats as Watson have to wait until a democratic president is elected before they can get a taste of the public pap, but not so with Nial. N. B. is somewhat and a bit more when it comes to the question of who shall represent the town of Athens. He may not always wear his socks right side out and he may occa-

sionally forget his neckwear but he has got it on a big bunch of limbernecks who think they know the frame-up and freeze-out game from east to west.

Now Nial is a product of the soil of the town from which he hails and he has been living there since he was born in 1875. It is needless to say that he is not a capitalist. There are no democratic capitalists in Athens. Nial is an agriculturist, and though he doesn't play the long string on the scientific part of the business he knows too much to attempt any such a thing as crossing squash vines with tomato plants. He comes as near being what the picture books call a typical Vermonter as can be found in the legislature this term. His eye is that of a man who, by experience, has learned that it is always best to take a chance and discount what his neighbors tell him. Nial isn't the sort to place all men in the category of liars, but he knows a few individuals who have given him the song of the siren, and he is cautious.

Whenever Nial Bemis wants something

in Athens there is more excitement over the matter than there would be if one of the deacons of that hamlet should be caught with a poker deck in his boot leg. Bemis can start something quicker in Athens than almost anyone else. He isn't a drooling office seeker but he has had a hankering for a number of years to represent his town in the legislature and he got there last fall. He did not draw a place on the railroad committee and his name does not appear on the committees of ways and means and appropriations. But this means nothing particular. Bemis could hand the members of either of these committees bits of home-made philosophy and advice that wouldn't cut as deeply into the treasury as do some of the suggestions of his colleagues.

Bemis is simply a man from one of the much-talked-about "small towns." It wouldn't make any difference if he possessed the wisdom of Solomon his chance of getting a place where he could serve his state would be nil. Bemis was assigned

to the general committee and supposed to have been shelved. He was shelved, but there are a number of men of the legislature of 1910 who will remember this democratic democrat from Athens. There isn't so much as a suspicion of frills about Bemis. He doesn't crave compliments and he wouldn't appreciate flattery. He is simply an example of the soil tiller of Windham county who has endeavored to do his duty in the general assembly. Doubtless there are a few score of fine hairs who think they could make laws without the aid of Nial. Nial doesn't care. He isn't of a jealous disposition. He knows that there are a number of hollow-skulls in the legislature who got by in some unaccountable way, but he is also aware that the constitution allows these individuals to indulge in lawmaking and so he left his gun at home.

Mr. Bemis doesn't have palpitation of the heart when some celebrity is introduced to him. He isn't strong on an acquaintance with celebrities but he is a

pretty good judge of the average run of humans and he knows that some of the Vermont brand of celebrities ought to be in Windsor instead of Montpelier. Nial lives on the lower level in the capital city, and if the water of the north branch should start on its annual rampage some evening before the legislature adjourns N. B. would have to climb the cliffs near his abode on Elm street. He drew a seat back near a window at the left of the speaker, but Nial isn't troubled with cold feet nor does he wear mittens and mufflers except when he is on a log job in the woods.

There isn't a more conscientious member of this session than Nial Bemis. The manhandlers and logrollers have failed to kidglove Nial every time there was need of a vote, and accordingly he is looked upon as too independent to represent a small town. Nial Bemis is a man of opinions. He wanted to go to the legislature and it required a bit of diplomacy to land the job, but he arrived. He doesn't

looks the part of Beau Brummel and he doesn't try to. He can figure interest with the best of them. His knowledge of land values would make the ordinary lister and appraiser hesitate to challenge his opinion, yet Nial wasn't offered a place on any committee where he could offer the state what he has wrung from the soil—experience. Probably Nial's public career has reached its zenith. His chances of being a member of the state senate are no better than those of a snowball on a hot stove. Yet his record to date is one of which he needn't be ashamed.

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